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bued life with more poetry and sweetness, and planted in soil once barren and unproductive the seeds of the flower of beauty.

New influences are therefore at work in the world of art, the existence of which is becoming recognized by our artists. The aim and conduct of their work are healthy and sincere; they show an innate faculty of arrangement; they leave a delightful impression of light and movement in their figures which they imbue with a charming freshness; their composition is good

and harmonious, their drawing vigorous, and their scheme of color effectively carried out. When we complain that our artists are not doing what they ought to do, we must understand first what art in its nature and functions is. Art is not a motive power, nor are artists its prophets or its teachers. It is a result—the flower, not the tree of life; and when the flower is arrested in its growth and development, it is simply because healthy food has not been applied to the roots.

JOHN V. HOOD.



### “THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.”

WHEN summer winds are fresh and high,

And wild reeds murmur in the brook,  
I love amid the ferns to lie

And sun me in this quiet nook,  
And think of days whose memory long  
No shadowy dream of sadness  
mocks—

My thoughts are thoughts of love and song,

Of sunset eves and garden walks.

Come back, O wild and breezy blue  
That domed my boyhood's happysky,  
Come back, O youth-time clouds, and view

Your shadows float still softly by;  
For summers in those golden days  
Held such a beaker wide to drink  
Of fleeting joys, their wealth of praise  
Is dearer than I dare to think!

I ne'er have seen so sweet a light

As once did deck the lily's cup—  
Nor azure half so deep and bright  
Our garden blue-bells garnered up;  
The sweet-pea by the trellis-wall,  
The fragrant spires of mignonette,  
The lad's-love overtopping all—  
I smell their priceless fragrance yet!

I think that never bloomed the rose  
So fair as in those days of eld,  
Nor ever banks of soft repose  
Have now the charms that once they  
held;  
And yet the garden sheds its rays,  
Brightly as e'er 'twas wont to  
do—

It was the light of other days  
That gave their glorious hue!

WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.